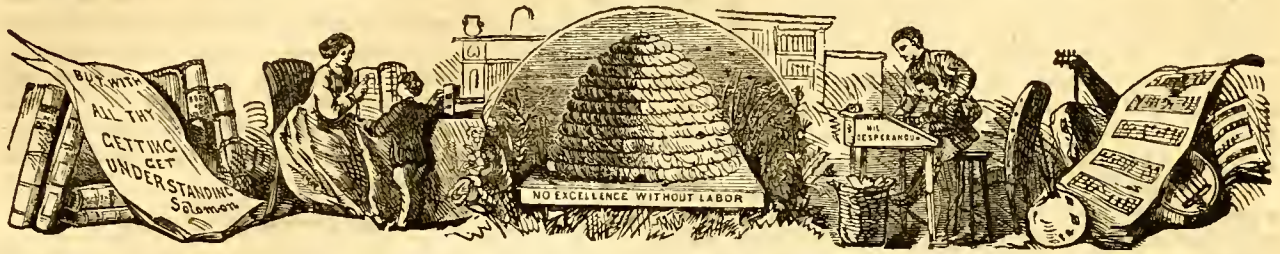


The Juvenile Instructor



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NO. 13.

THE STORY OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

Selected from Jacob Abbott's Writings.

[CONCLUDED.]

IN several cases that had previously existed in the history of the world, where a number of small states were situated near each other, which possessed general interests common to them all, the plan of a league or federation had been adopted. That is, the several small states maintained each a distinct and independent government, and then these governments leagued themselves together for the common defense, and for other purposes of interest to them all; but this plan had never succeeded very well, for such leagues have never proved strong or permanent. In the operation of the system, it was found that the separate governments would send their delegates to the general assembly, and votes would be passed there; but then, if any particular state did not approve of a vote, they would not comply with it, and there was no way of compelling them to comply but by sending an armed force, and making war upon them. This made a great deal of trouble.

Indeed, such federations were continually getting involved in difficulties of all kinds, arising from the governments

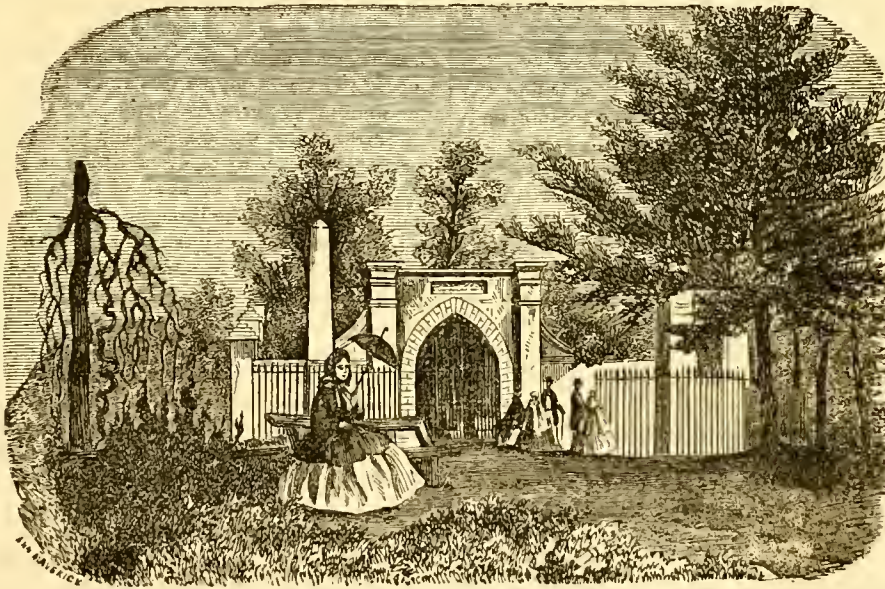
of the individual states neglecting or refusing to carry out the measures which the confederation had agreed upon.

The difficulty was that the confederation had no power to carry its measures into execution itself, but was obliged to depend upon the action of the several states in carrying them into execution. This made the confederation weak; and, in cases where the states seriously disagreed, it became utterly powerless.

The Americans devised a scheme to meet these difficulties which was entirely new. Nothing like it had ever been before tried in the history of the world. The plan was to create two

independent systems of government—a system of general government for all business of general and common interest, and a system of state government for business of local interest. Thus they *divided the business*; and for one branch of it they made the whole country one nation, while for another branch of it they divided the country into a large number of distinct and independent nations. In respect to peace, and war, and foreign commerce, and dealing with the Indians, and the post-office, the country is one country; it has one Legislature, one population, and one set of executive officers, who have power to go everywhere, and execute the laws themselves which relate

to the departments of business that belong to them, without calling upon the state governments at all. On the other hand, so far as the laws which govern the transaction of business, the punishment of ordinary crimes, the chartering of companies, the inheritance of property, and all other such subjects, are concerned, the country is not one. In respect to these things there is no union at all. There is not even a feder-



ation. The states are independent in these, and the government of each is supreme within its own boundaries.

Young persons sometimes imagine that the general government is, in some sense, a government *above* the state governments, and that it exercises a sort of superintendence over them; but this is not so in any sense whatever. The general government extends its jurisdiction over a *wider field* than the state governments, it is true, but it does not rise to any higher elevation in respect to sovereignty and power. It is supreme in respect to the business intrusted to it, and so are the state governments supreme in respect to the business intrusted to them.

The government of Virginia, for example, has founded a university, in the heart of the state, for the education of young men. That is a business that belongs to the state. Now, neither the President of the United States, nor the Congress, nor both combined, can touch that institution at all, no matter how well or how badly the government of Virginia may manage it. The education of the people of Virginia is a subject that belongs to the state. In respect to that business the state is supreme, and the general government of the United States has no more power to touch it than has the government of France, or England, or that of any other country.

On the other hand, at Gosport, near Norfolk, in Virginia, is a navy-yard, established and maintained by the government of the United States. Everything that pertains to the navy belongs to the departments of national defense and foreign commerce, and those things are the business of the general government. The general government accordingly bought the land for that navy-yard, and built the docks and piers, and hired the workmen, and, although the ground is within the limits of the State of Virginia, neither the governor of Virginia, nor the Legislature, nor both together, can touch the navy-yard at all, no matter how well, or how badly the general government may manage it.

In other words, the people of the United States, having a variety of public business to perform, have divided the business into two great branches, and have adopted one system of government for one, and another system for the other. In respect to certain great subjects of general interest, they have formed themselves into one nation, and they have constituted one general government to attend to that business. In respect to another great branch of business, they deem it more convenient to have it transacted in a different way. In respect to this, they are not one nation in any sense, but are divided into a great many independent states, each of which has supreme and sovereign control within its jurisdiction.

There was a great deal of discussion and debate concerning the plan of the government, and it was a long time before the system finally adopted was matured, and was fully comprehended by the country at large. In many quarters indeed, there was great opposition to it. Some thought that the general government would be weak and inefficient, and they wished to have more power confided to it, and less reserved for the states. Others thought that the general government would prove to be too strong, and that the rights and powers of the states would be overwhelmed by it. The new Constitution was, however, finally adopted, though it was not until five years after the war was ended, and the independence of the country acknowledged, that this grand result was attained, and the new government established.

General Washington was chosen the first president by a unanimous vote. At the close of the war he took leave of the army, resigned his commission, and retired to his own estate in Virginia, happy in having been the means of bringing the long and weary war to a successful end. His residence was at Mount Vernon, a beautiful place on the banks of the Potomac, not far below the city of Washington, the seat of government at the present time. New York, however, was the temporary seat of government then, the permanent place for the capital not having been yet chosen. Washington accordingly left his home at Mount Vernon to proceed to New York, when the time for his inauguration arrived; and as he traveled through the region in which he had been exposed to so many dangers, and had passed so many long and weary years of toil and suffering during the war, the people thronged from all quarters to greet him as he passed, and to hail him as the Father of his Country.

Having been re-elected president he held office until 1797, when he again retired to Mount Vernon, where he died and

was buried in 1799. The engraving on our first page represents the tomb of this good and great man.

Since that time, the country has advanced in population, wealth, and power, with a rapidity which is entirely unparalleled in the history of the human race. The extent of its territory has been greatly enlarged, and many new states have been successfully formed and added to the confederation; so that the new republic has rapidly risen to a very exalted rank among the nations of the earth, and is destined, at no distant day, to surpass all the political organizations that have preceded her, and to exert a vast influence upon the future destinies of the great human family.

WILHELM, THE KNIFE-GRINDER.

From "MEN WHO HAVE RISEN."—Published by Allen & Co., New York.

"KNIVES to grind!" cried Wilhelm, as he limped through the streets of Brussels, driving his old crazy machine before him. "Knives and scissors to grind!" Wilhelm did not limit his trade to the grinding of knives and scissors exclusively; he would not refuse to put an edge upon a butcher's cleaver, and he was even very thankful to obtain a hatchet to reduce to chopping acuteness, but he only cried "Knives and scissors to grind," as had been the custom of itinerant cutlers since the days of Cataline. Wilhelm drove his machine before him very slowly, and he perhaps required to do so, as it was rather fragile in its construction; but he called "Knives to grind" with a lusty, cheerful, happy voice, that seemed to belie his own constitution; for he, too, like his precursor combination of beams, and stones, and wheels, was none of the most robust of creation's works. He was a little, ragged, lame, and feeble Fleming, with an old and well-worn grinding wheel as his only property; and anybody particular in affinities would have said they were made for each other.

Wilhelm's face would have been notified merely as "a face," by a passer by. Any one would have been satisfied at a glance that it was deficient in none of the constituent parts of the human visage; but the thought of whether it was beautiful or ugly would never have intruded itself amongst his impressions. His large, old, broad-brimmed hat was slouched over his back and shoulders, and threw a deep shade upon his brow; and then, again, his thick black hair clung in large curls down his pale cheeks, and also partly obscured his features; so that Wilhelm's countenance was not put forward to advantage like those of the bucks who promenaded the Boulevards, and therefore, it might be full of hidden beauties for ought the world knew. His well patched blouse hung loosely around his spare form, investing it with even more than its own due proportion of apparent robustness; but poverty's universal and palpable mantle hung over him all, with a truthful tell-tale earnestness of whose reality there could be no mistake. In this guise Wilhelm limped along, then, crying out for customers, and looking sharply about him for the same. He would turn his glancing eyes to the high windows of the quaint wooden-fronted houses, from which pretty damsels were looking into the street, and then he would look earnestly at the portly merchants who leaned lazily over their half doors; but, though neither dame nor burgher would pay any attention to him, Wilhelm would still jog on and shout as gaily as if he were a wild bird uttering his accustomed cry.

It was through the lower or Flemish part of the city that the knife-grinder pursued his slow and devious course, and either mantua-making and knife-using were at a discount, or all these

utensils had been in good repair in that quarter, for poor Wilhelm had little, save the echo of his own cry from the throat of some precocious urchin, for his pains.

Up one street went Wilhelm, and down another. He often rested in front of the great Church of St. Gudule, and looked admiringly at its architecture, for he had a strong love for the beautiful, although he was only a knife-grinder; and sometimes he would seat himself upon the handle of his machine, in order to contemplate the outward grandeur of the Hotel de Ville; but if any one had supposed that there was one envious thought in all his contemplations, he did the knife-grinder injustice, for no envy had he, poor though he was.

To those who knew all about Wilhelm there was nothing more incomprehensible in the world than his lightness of heart. That he should sing was one of the most startling of anomalies—he, whose father, the fireman, perished in trying to rescue his own wife and Wilhelm's mother from the flames of his burning house. It was often said by those who saw the knife-grinder's ever-cheerful aspect, that he might think of his father and mother, and if nothing else could remind him of them, surely his own lameness might; for it was upon the night when they perished that he was afflicted, and yet he didn't seem to think so.

Wilhelm's life was a lonely enough one, without adding to it the pains and penalties of a morbid melancholy; but some folks didn't think so, and would have had him forever sad as well as lonely. It was acknowledged that Wilhelm was a wonderful lad, however; and as this phrase is capable of a multiplicity of explications, it may be as well to state that he had refused all offers of a pecuniary nature from anybody whatever, had established himself in a little dwelling, and supported himself by his grinding-machine, and this is why he was termed wonderful. If it had been possible to look into the bosom of the knife-grinder, there would have been seen throbbing there, and sending through every channel of his frame a current of boundless love, a heart as rich and pure as ever bosom bore. It was a wonderful heart, too; for it was stout and strong, and bore up as if it had been a giant's sent to animate a weakling. There was no flinching in its courage, no drooping in its joyous mood, no change in its loving pulsations from morn to night as he plodded up one narrow street, down another, through crossings and squares, and courts, and by-ways. Wilhelm the knife-grinder's heart was a hero's; and let who will say otherwise, we will maintain, with tongue and pen, that it was, and of the proudest order, too. It is easy, it is natural for hearts to maintain their beauty and their goodness in those sunny spots of the world to which love and beauty are indigenious. By cheerful hearths, where, in the ruddy glow of the log, and in the bright flame, you picture golden gardens, and caverns, and groves, or behold the brightly lighted faces of childhood, how can the heart wither or grow sad? In the duality of love resides its natural life. Heart answering heart, bright eye enlightening eye, kind words echoing back love's gentle aspirations—these maintain the eternal spring of the affections, as sunlight and heart give earth her summer. If Wilhelm had resided in the Park where the nobility and English dwelt, or in the great Sablon Square among the merchants and savans, it would have been easy for one so constituted to have been happy and gay; but to retain a vital relation to bright and glorious heaven, amidst the darkness and gloom of a lonely little room in the dingiest spot of the low town of Brussels, was heroism, let the world say as it will.

"Oh, have pity, and give the poor little homeless one a mite!" said a soft and gentle voice—so soft and gentle that the words might have been with propriety addressed direct to Heaven, as well as in the ear of one of Heaven's humblest agents upon earth, Wilhelm the knife-grinder.

It was in a dark and wretched quarter of the town where he was thus accosted, a spot whose gloom the shade of evening scarcely deepened; black walls, grim with the smoke of ages and crumbling to ruin, rose on either hand, and, converging at the top, seemed agreed to meet and exclude the blue heavens and sunbeams. Little windows, dirty, dingy, broken, and rag-patched, told that these high walls were the walls of homes, and the faces of human beings, peeping now and again from them, were the indices of immured life and thought. Yet, even in that lofty series of chambers, where humility could scarcely brook to live, the little outcast, who had breathed her piteous accents to Wilhelm, had no spot to lay her head.

"One little farthing to buy a roll for poor Lelie," pursued the child, in tremulous tones; "oh, I am hungry!" and she laid her hand on that of Wilhelm, and looked up in his face.

The knife-grinder's machine dropped from his hands as if he had been suddenly struck, and he turned towards the suppliant with so benign a look that the child smiled in his face and crouched nearer to his person.

"Poor Lelie," said Wilhelm, deploring his fortune and presenting the tithe to the infant, "art thou hungry?"

"Yes; and cold, and sad," said the child, artlessly, "I have no father nor mother, nor anybody to care for me; I am a beggar and an outcast."

The knife grinder held in his breath, as he bent to listen to the words of Lelie, and when she had done he caught her hand, stretched himself proudly up, and breathed long and freely, while his eyes became radiant and his face illumined with a sudden and noble purpose.

"Alone, like me," exclaimed the knife-grinder; "poor child! Oh! is there another even more destitute of all the reciprocities of love than lame Wilhe m?" and he turned his kindly face towards the little girl, "I could sit at my lone fire at night when the world around me slept, and I could hold communion with my parents' spirits in silent peace and joy; but Lelie, what will night be to her but houseless horror. I am a man," pursued Wilhelm, again stretching himself, and striving to look strong; "I am independent," and he shook the coppers in his pocket; "can I not snatch this child from sorrow and hunger? Jan Roos the water-carrier keeps a great dog, which I am sure will eat more food than Lelie—why not keep a child as well as a dog?" The spirit within the knife-grinder seemed to say, why not? and the spirit of the outcast child seemed to know it, for Lelie crouched still closer to Wilhelm, and looked up in his face as if she knew him. "And does no one care for you, Lelie?" said the poor lame youth, softly; "is there no one to love you?"

"None but the Father who dwells beyond the stars with good angels," said the child, timidly.

"Then thou shalt go with me for His Son's sake," said Wilhelm, snatching her up in his arms and kissing her pale, thin cheek, as lovingly and rapturously as if it had bloomed in health and beauty. "Thou shalt go with me, and I will love thee and take care of thee, and thou shalt grow up to be a woman, and I will be to thee as a father. Sit there, Lelie, and hold on firmly; my machine is not very strong, but it will bear thee. I am not so brave and stout as the sentinels at the castle gate; but I will be weaker if I cannot carry thee home; so here we go;" and, with a heart overflowing with feelings which he had never known before, and his eyes dancing with a pleasure which surpassed all former emotions, he limped on with his crazy wheel and smiling child, the proudest man that night in Brussels.

(To be Continued.)

THE eyes of the Lord are in every place, beholding the evil and the good.

The Juvenile Instructor.

GEORGE Q. CANNON, : EDITOR.

SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1869.

EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

MONTHS have passed since we have written any "Editorial Thoughts," their space having been filled by "Twenty Years Ago, or a Trip to California." As the account of that Trip is ended, we now resume the writing of the "Thoughts." A great change has taken place in affairs in this country since this volume of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR has commenced. The great railroad, by which the Atlantic and Pacific oceans are married by iron bands, is finished. A person can now step into the railroad cars at Ogden, and be whirled to San Francisco on the Pacific, or to New York on the Atlantic in a few days!

In traveling last week from Brigham city to Ogden we saw two trains of passenger cars, one going east and the other west. It was a strange sight to see the iron horse, dragging his load, with fiery speed, through our valleys. How different this to traveling with ox teams! A passenger train generally travels more miles in one hour than ox teams go in a day; and then the locomotive does not have to lie still at night like the oxen. By ox teams months were required for people to come from the Missouri river to this city; now it only needs the same number of days to come by rail. The juveniles who read this, if they were born before their parents came to this Territory, were mostly three or four months traveling on the road with wagons; but if they were now at Omaha, on the Missouri river, and wished to come to this country, they could step into a car and, if they met with no accident, they would be in Ogden in less than three days.

Many wicked men thought that the building of this railroad would help to destroy the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints. They would like to see us driven from these valleys, so that they might get our homes and rule this land. They have been delighted, therefore, at the idea that the railroad would soon be completed. But though it is done, we are not destroyed, and what is better, we shall not be. Such people have always been disappointed about us, and the reason of this is: They always leave God out of the question. Now this is God's work, and when they leave Him out, they deceive themselves and are always disappointed.

The railroad will not injure us; it will benefit us. If it brings in bad men, it also carries them away again; and it can very easily carry off apostates and all those who will not obey the laws of God. And then how quickly the Elders can go to and return from distant lands to preach the gospel, and how easily the Saints can be brought from Babylon to dwell in Zion! God is working in a wonderful manner among men to bring about His purposes! He overrules all their acts and controls all their improvements for His glory. He watches over his Saints, and He turns the wrath of their enemies to their benefit. Serve Him faithfully, children, and He will save you.

AN idle man's brain is the devil's workshop.

PLAYING WITH FIRE.

HOW often do we read sad accounts in the newspapers of lives being lost and valuable property being destroyed, all through some foolish children playing with fire. Sometimes it occurs through boys getting near a haystack in a farmer's yard, and lighting matches or paper; when a puff of wind blows a spark into the dry hay, and in a few moments it is all ablaze. Out-houses, stables, barns, and the homestead quickly follow, until nothing is left of the farmer's pleasant home, but bare and blackened walls with sometimes a dead baby boy or girl. Or again, sometimes a mother has to leave her little ones for a few moments in a room where a fire or candle is alight. No sooner is her back turned than Tommy and Bessy, or whatever be their names, begin to meddle with them. They light pieces of string and twirl them round and round in the air, to see what a pretty circle of light they can make, or they make



a small bonfire on the stove, or they interfere with the lamp. It is but the work of a moment and the lamp is upset, the blazing oil is floating over the room, and bed clothes, curtains and everything else in the room go to make one roaring, rushing flame. Or one of the little ones gets too near the stove in its attempts to light something, and its dress catches fire, and before any help can reach it, it is fearfully burned, lingers in great pain for a few days, and, notwithstanding the kind and loving care of father and mother, it at last ceases to live and is laid away in the cold grave.

How would any of our little readers like to be in the position of the poor boy in the picture? See he has to creep along a narrow window-sill, with every limb trembling, while the fire

scorches his face and the smoke nearly stifles him. It is cold, for we can see it is winter as the trees are all bare of leaves, but it is not cold where he is, the flaming tongues of fire lick around him, so that he can scarcely hold on to the hot walls with his hands. But it is his only hope. Were he to remain in the room he would be burned to death, and perhaps he can manage to get to a ladder, or on to some low roof and thus escape. We hope he may.

How did this fire occur? Most likely it is Christmas, or New Year's, and the children have been romping more joyously than usual, and have been less careful. Perhaps they have been playing with the fire, and a spark flying near something that would not readily burn, has laid and smoldered until after all were in bed and fast asleep, when it burst out in flame. In a few moments the inmates of the house were awakened by the dreadful cry of "fire, fire." All who could rushed out into the open air, but the room of this youth being near the top of the house, he was unable to escape only in the way we see he is doing.

Children who read the JUVENILE, we hope you never play with fire. We hope you never disregard the sayings of your parents, and when they are away touch the lamps, stoves, candles, or vessels filled with boiling water, or anything else that will burn or scald you. When you think of meddling with these things, think of the many, about your own age, who have been killed, or been maimed or disfigured for life by doing just such things. We know you do not want to die, or suffer acute pain, or lingering sickness. You love the pleasures of health and strength; to run, to play, to be full of life and joy; think of losing all these pleasures just by one act of disobedience or wilfulness. We do not think we need say more, you all know that fire will burn, and that to be burned means to suffer severely, therefore, for your own sakes, for the sake of the brothers and sisters whom you love, do not meddle with fire, lest an accident should happen and you be the cause of untold suffering and destruction.

G. R.

G A M B L I N G .

"GIVE me a cent, and you may pitch one of these rings, and if it catches over a nail I'll give you six cents."

That seemed fair enough, so the boy handed him a cent and took a ring. He stepped back to a stake, tossed his ring, and it caught on one of the nails.

"Will you take six rings to pitch again, or six cents?"

"Six cents," was the answer; and two three-cent pieces were put in his hand. He stepped off, probably well satisfied with what he had done, and not having an idea that he had done wrong. A gentleman standing near had watched him, and now, before he had time to look about and rejoin his companions, laid his hand on his shoulder.

"My lad, this is your first lesson in gambling."

"Gambling, sir?"

"You staked your penny and won six, did you not?"

"Yes, I did."

"You did not earn them and they were not given to you; you won them just as gamblers win money. You have taken the first step in the path; and that man has gone through it, and you can see the end. Now, I advise you to go and give him the six cents back, and ask him for your penny, and then stand with the world an honest boy again."

He had hung his head down, but raised it quickly, and his bright, open look, as he said "I'll do it," will not soon be forgotten. He ran back and soon emerged from the ring looking happier than ever. He touched his hat and bowed pleasantly as he ran away to join his comrades. That was an honest boy.

Biographu.

JOSEPH SMITH, THE PROPHEET.



ABOLISH the practice in the army and navy of trying men by court-martial for desertion. If a soldier or marine runs away, send him his wages, with this instruction, that his country will never trust him again; he has forfeited his honor.

"Make HONOR the standard with all men. Be sure that good is rendered for evil in all cases; and the whole nation, like a kingdom of kings and priests, will rise up in righteousness, and be respected as wise and worthy on earth, and as just and holy for heaven, by Jehovah, the Author of perfection.

"More economy in the national and state governments would make less taxes among the people; more equality through the cities, towns, and country, would make less distinction among the people; and more honesty and familiarity in societies would make less hypocrisy and flattery in all branches of the community; and open, frank, candid decorum to all men, in this boasted land of liberty, would beget esteem, confidence, union and love; and the neighbor from any state or from any country, of whatever color, clime, or tongue, could rejoice when he put his foot on the sacred soil of freedom, and exclaim, 'The very name of American is fraught with friendship!' Oh, then, create confidence, restore freedom, break down slavery, banish imprisonment for debt, and be in love, fellowship, and peace with all the world! Remember that honesty is not subject to law. The law was made for transgressors. Wherefore a Dutchman might exclaim—'Ein ehrlicher name ist besser als Reichthum.' (A good name is better than riches.)

"For the accommodation of the people in every State and Territory, let Congress show their wisdom by granting a national bank, with branches in each State and Territory, where the capital stock shall be held by the nation for the mother bank, and by the States and Territories for the branches; and whose officers and directors shall be elected yearly by the people, with wages at the rate of two dollars per day for services; which several banks shall never issue any more bills than the amount of capital stock in her vaults and the interest.

"The net gain of the mother bank shall be applied to the national revenue, and that of the branches to the States and Territories' revenues. And the bills shall be par throughout the nation, which will mercifully cure that fatal disorder known in cities as *brokerage*, and leave the people's money in their own pockets.

"Give every man his constitutional freedom, and the President full power to send an army to suppress mobs, and the states authority to repeal and impugn that relic of folly which makes it necessary for the governor of a state to make the demand of the President for troops, in case of invasion or rebellion.

"The governor himself may be a mobber; and instead of being punished, as he should be, for murder or treason, he may destroy the very lives, rights, and property he should protect. Like the good Samaritan, send every lawyer, as soon as he repents and obeys the ordinances of heaven, to preach the gospel to the destitute, without purse or scrip, pouring in the oil and the wine. A learned Priesthood is certainly more honorable than an hireling clergy."

He closed by saying:

"In the United States the people are the Government, and their united voice is the only sovereign that should rule, the only power that should be obeyed, and the only gentlemen that should be honored at home and abroad, on the land and on the sea. Wherefore, were I President of the United States, by the voice of a virtuous people, I would honor the old paths of the venerated fathers of freedom; I would walk in the tracks of the illustrious patriots who carried the ark of the Government upon their shoulders with an eye single to the glory of the people; and when that people petitioned to abolish slavery in the slave states, I would use all honorable means to have their prayers granted, and give liberty to the captive by paying

the southern gentlemen a reasonable equivalent for his property, that the whole nation might be free indeed!

"When the people petitioned for a National Bank, I would use my best endeavors to have their prayers answered, and establish one on national principles to save taxes, and make them the controllers of its ways and means. And when the people petitioned to possess the Territory of Oregon, or any other contiguous Territory, I won't lend the influence of a Chief Magistrate to grant so reasonable a request, that they might extend the mighty efforts and enterprise of a free people from the east to the west sea, and make the wilderness blossom as the rose. And when a neighboring realm petitioned to join the union of the sons of liberty, my voice would be, *Come—yea, come, Texas; come, Mexico; come, Canada; and come, all the world; let us be brethren, let us be one great family, and let there be a universal peace. Abolish the cruel custom of prisons (except certain cases,) penitentiaries, court-martials for desertion; and let reason and friendship reign over the ruins of ignorance and barbarity; yea, I would, as the universal friend of man, open the prisons, open the eyes, open the ears, and open the hearts of all people, to behold and enjoy freedom—unadulterated freedom; and God, who once cleansed the violence of the earth with a flood, whose Son laid down his life for the salvation of all his Father gave him out of the world, and who has promised that he will come and purify the world again with fire in the last days, should be supplicated by me for the good of all people."*

In this pamphlet was embodied a policy which, had it been adopted, would have saved the nation. Had Joseph's measures been accepted and carried out, war would not have claimed its hundreds of thousands of bloody victims; for there would have been no civil war, and those horrible evils which have followed in its train would never have been known. But he plead in vain. As well might he have tried to reason with the waves of the sea, as to show men in authority how to correct the evils, which if not checked, he clearly foresaw would overwhelm the nation.

The Twelve Apostles and the leading Elders were sent throughout the United States to electioneer, make stump speeches, advocate the religion of Jesus, the purity of election and to call upon the people to stand by the law and to put down mobocracy. They were instructed to tell the people that there had been Whig and Democratic Presidents long enough; it was a President of the United States that was now wanted. Joseph said he would not electioneer for himself; but the Elders would have to do it for him. There was oratory enough in the Church to carry him into the Presidential Chair.

At a political meeting, which was held shortly after his nomination as Candidate for the Presidency, Joseph explained his reasons for permitting his name to be used in this connection. He said:

"I would not have suffered my name to have been used by my friends on anywise as President of the United States, or candidate for that office, if I and my friends could have had the privilege of enjoying our religious and civil rights as American citizens, even those rights which the Constitution guarantees unto all her citizens alike. But this we as a people have been denied from the beginning. Persecution has rolled upon our heads from time to time, from portions of the United States, like peals of thunder, because of our religion; and no portion of the government as yet has stepped forward for our relief. And under view of these things, I feel it to be my right and privilege to obtain what influence and power I can, lawfully, in the United States, for the protection of injured innocence; and if I lose my life in a good cause, I am willing to be sacrificed on the altar of virtue, righteousness, and truth, in maintaining the laws and Constitution of the United States, if need be, for the general good of mankind."

In the meantime the enemy was not idle. Satan was stirring up his subjects and filling them with his spirit, which prompts men to tell lies and to commit murder. On the 17th of February they met at Carthage, and held a convention to devise ways and means by which the Saints might be expelled from the State. Among other resolutions which they passed was one appointing the succeeding 9th of March as a day of *fasting and prayer*, and the *pious* of all orders were requested "to pray to Almighty God that he would speedily bring the false

prophet, Joseph Smith, to deep repentance, or that he would make a public example of him and his leading accomplices."

Had these wicked men confined themselves to prayer alone to accomplish their evil desires the soil of Illinois would not have been stained by the innocent blood which now cries to the Lord from its bosom, and their own souls would not welter under the dreadful condemnation which now rests upon them. But they did not believe for a moment that the Lord would hear them on any such subject; they would not leave Joseph to Him. This resolution was only adopted for the effect they hoped it would have in making prejudice stronger abroad.

In one of our former numbers we quoted a prophecy that Joseph made respecting the Saints removing to the Rocky Mountains and their becoming a great people in that land. His mind was upon that subject, and on the 20th of February, 1844, he counseled with the Twelve Apostles about sending out a delegation to explore California and Oregon, and hunt out a good location, where the Saints could remove to after the Temple should be completed, and, to use Joseph's own language,

"Where we can build a city in a day, and get up into the mountains, where the devil cannot dig us out, and live in a healthy climate, where we can live as old as we have a mind to."

(To be Continued)

PINS—HOW THEY ARE MADE.

THE pin-machine is one of the closest approaches that mechanics have made to the dexterity of the human hand. A small machine, about the height and size of a ladies' sewing machine, only stronger, stands before you. On the back side a light belt descends from the long shaft at the ceiling that drives all the machines, ranged in rows on the floor. On the left side of our machine hangs, on a peg, a small reel of wire, that has been straightened by running through a compound system of small rollers.

This wire descends and the end of it enters the machine. This is the food consumed by this snappish, voracious little dwarf. He pulls it in and bites it off by inches, incessantly, one hundred and forty bites to a minute. Just as he seizes each bite, a saucy little hammer, with a concave face, hits the end of the wire three taps and "upsets" it to a head, while he grips it in a counter-sunk hole between his teeth. With an outward thrust of his tongue, he then lays the pin sideways in a little groove across the rim of a small wheel that slowly revolves just under his nose. By the external pressure of a stationary hoop these pins roll in their places as they are carried under two series of small files, three in each. These files grow finer toward the end of the series. They lie at a slight inclination on the points of the pins, and by a series of cams, levers, and springs, are made to play "like lightning." Thus, the pins are pointed and dropped in a little shower into a box. Twenty eight pounds of pins is a day's work for one of these jerking little automatons. Forty machines on this floor make five hundred and sixty pounds of pins daily. These are then polished. Two very intelligent machines reject every crooked pin, even the slightest irregularity of form being detected.

Another automaton assort's half a dozen lengths in as many different boxes, all at once and unerringly, when a careless operator has mixed the contents of boxes from various machines.

Lastly, a perfect genius of a machine hangs the pin by the head in an inclined platform through as many "slots" as there are pins in a row on the papers. These slots converge into the exact space spanning the length of a row. Under them runs the strip of pin paper. A hand-like part of the machine

catches one pin from each of the slots as it falls, and by one movement sticks them all through two corrugated ridges in the paper, from which they are to be picked by taper fingers in boudoirs, and all sorts of human fingers in all sorts of circumstances. Thus you have its genesis:

"Tall and slender, straight and thin,
Pretty, little, useful pin."

N. Y. Post.

W I S E D O G S .

YOU will often see in the country a little dog sitting beside a small heap of clothes, with perhaps, a tin can, and a staff, and a basket. Don't go near him, don't disturb him; he is rather spiteful now, but for that very reason deserves respect; he is minding his master's jacket and other properties, while he is at his work in the field. Not long ago, there was an account in the papers of a drover who left his dog to mind his jacket while he went across a railway to look after some cattle. In crossing the railway, he was struck down by a train and killed. The dog never left its charge, but died guarding its dead master's jacket. We keep in our house a number of parrots and a few small birds. Our good dog Topsy is such a faithful guardian of them that we may place them all on the lawn, and leave them there without watching; for Topsy suffers no cat to come near. When this dog (a pure-bred retriever) first came into the house, our pretty "Trot," the sulphur-crested cockatoo, was on his perch, and the appearance of the dog startled him, and he flew round the room. In a moment the dog sprang upon the bird, and in another moment I, and the dog, and the bird were all on the floor, struggling. I released the bird from the dog's mouth, and being without help, was compelled to carry the dog away and chain it up, ere I could attend to the poor bird. I left it apparently dead upon the floor, surrounded with feathers torn out in the fray; when I went back to its aid, I was startled to find it on its perch as before, and very little the worse for the attack, except that it was frightened; for the dog had held it by the wing, and there was not a mark of its teeth to be discovered. This first unfortunate meeting was the result of accident. I was not aware any of the birds were then out of their cages. But the next day I allowed Topsy to go amongst them; and "knowing now they were property," she assumed towards them the character of a guardian. Since the painful struggle she has been on good terms with them, and they quite understand each other.

A sportsman met a stray retriever in the stubble, and the dog became friendly with him at once, and entered heartily into the business of the day. They were soon on the best of terms with each other, and the dog was valued for his cleverness and good temper. A month afterwards this sportsman met another, the retriever not then being in the field. The new comer complained that his sport had been spoiled by the stupidity of his dog. "And I feel this the more," he said, "because a month ago I lost a dog that was worth its weight in gold." The other inquired into the circumstances, and learned that the complaining sportsman was out one day with a valuable retriever, and through having missed some birds he lost his temper, and threatened to shoot the dog. Presently afterwards the dog was missing, and he had never seen him since. It immediately struck the other that the dog that made friends with him a month before in the stubble, might be the runaway; and in his anxiety to be just, he sent for his new favorite, and it was instantly identified by the ill tempered sportsman as his property. The next thing to be done was to hand him over; but the dog refused to be a party to this pro-

cedure; he would not return to his former master; neither coaxing nor compulsion availed, and the original owner at last gladly presented him to the friend whom he had served so faithfully. There might be some doubt if this dog understood the meaning of the words his former master used when he threatened to shoot him; but I can tell you another story that I know to be true, and which proves that dogs do understand human speech, provided it refers to matters within their experience.

One day a game-keeper was out with his favorite dog. He found he had forgotten one of his belts, which he kept hanging up at home in regular order. So he said to his dog, "Go home and bring me belt No. 6." The dog went home and barked. His mistress came out, and he led her to where the belts were. She took down No. 1, the dog barked, "No." She took down No. 2, again the dog barked, "No." But when she came to No. 6, the dog took it and ran away to his master.—*Young Crusader.*

For the Juvenile Instructor.

Chemistry of Common Things.

O X Y G E N .

[CONCLUDED.]

LET us try now, as students, to overcome a few little difficulties which occur at the commencement of our investigations in elementary chemistry: viz., the nomenclature of compounds. Let us begin with oxides: these are very numerous. There are, first, alkaline basic oxides; second, neutral oxides; third, acids. This termination, *ide*, means formed by, or combined with, and it is used to express any compound of a non-metallic element, or any element most unlike a metal, with another element. Thus, there are compounds formed by chlorine, these are chlor-*ides*; others of iodine, these are iod-*ides*; others of bromine, these are brom-*ides*, etc.

Some oxides have more oxygen in union with an element than others have; to express this, a prefix to the word oxide is used: thus, *prot-oxide*, *deut-oxide*, *trit-oxide*; meaning respectively, first, (*protos*) oxide; second, (*deuteros*) oxide; third, (*tritios*) oxide: these words are abbreviated so as to form one word. When an oxide contains as much oxygen as it will combine with, without possessing acid qualities, it is called a *per-oxide*. Water may be remembered as an instance of *prot-oxide* of hydrogen, laughing gas (nitrous oxide) as a *prot-oxide* of nitrogen; and iron rust as a *per oxide* of iron, with a little water in union, called a hydrated *per-oxide*, from the word *hydro*, which means water.

Let us now see the meaning of oxides of the first class, which are designated "alkaline or basic." These unite readily with acids of the third class, and form, when united, "salt," of which they are the *base*, hence their name basic. Oxides of the second class are neutral, that is, they have no disposition to unite with either acids or alkalies, and they have neither acid nor alkaline properties. Such are the oxide of hydrogen (water) and the black oxide of manganese, which is a peroxide, etc. As to the third class of oxides they are known as acids, such as the deutoxide of carbon, which is called carbonic acid; the deutoxide of nitrogen, or nitrous acid, containing one more equivalent of oxygen than "laughing gas," (nitrous oxide) and many other acids which could be named as sulphuric (sul-

phur and oxygen) phosphoric (phosphorous and oxygen,) etc.

As a general thing the more opposite the nature of the oxides, the more readily they unite; the alkaline metals (sodium, potassium, etc.) in combination with oxygen, the first class of oxides, have a great affinity or attraction for the acids, which are almost always formed from non metallic elements, as sulphur, phosphorus, chlorine, etc., etc. The mere contact of these opposites frequently produces rapid decomposition; and great care will be necessary when we begin to operate with them. When entire union has taken place, they have mutually decomposed each other, and they cease to have the qualities they previously possessed; thus sulphuric acid, a highly corrosive and destructive compound of sulphur and oxygen (S_3O_2) when completely saturated, or combined with as much as it can receive, of the almost equally corrosive substance, protoxide of sodium (NaO .) becomes not only harmless to handle but really beneficial as a medicine—"Glaubers Salts." The formula of which is (NaO, S_3O_2 plus $10HO$.) that is natrium, (sodium,) and oxygen, in combination with sulphur and three atoms of oxygen, added to ten atoms of water.

As to the method of preparing oxygen for purposes of experiment or examination, this will be explained when the mode of generating gases is treated upon. It is done by decomposing oxides, generally by heat being applied to them, which drives off the oxygen. This is collected in a "receiver" over water or other fluid, to prevent the gas escaping. By a little attention to these lessons we may soon learn how to commence operations in our own little "laboratory" or chemical workshop.

BETH.

BAD temper, go;
You never shall stay with me.
Bad temper, go;
You and I can never agree;
For I will always kind and mild
And gentle pray to be,
And do to others as I wish
To have them do to me.

THE PRECIOUS LITTLE PLANT.

TWO little girls, Bridget and Walburga, went to a neighbor. ing town, each carrying on her head a basket of fruit to sell for money enough to buy the family a dinner. Bridget fretted all the way, but Walburga only joked and laughed. At last Bridget got out of all patience, and said, "How can you go on laughing so? Your basket is as heavy as mine, and you are not a bit stronger. I don't understand it."

"Oh," said Walburga, "it is easy enough to understand. I have a little plant that I put on the top of my load, and it makes it so light I hardly feel it. Why don't you do so too?"

"Indeed," said Bridget, "it must be a very precious little plant! I wish I could lighten my load with it. Where does it grow? Tell me. What do you call it?"

"It grows," replied Walburga, "wherever you plant it and give it a chance to take root. Its name is *Patience*."

You can never catch the word that has gone out of your lips. Once spoken, it is out of your reach; do your best you can never recall it. Therefore, take care of what you say. Never speak an unkind word, an impure word, a lying or a profane word.

Selected Poetry.

THE SNUFF BOX.

"Three-year-old maiden,
Sitting so still,
Brow with thought laden,
What is your will?
Solving a mystery
Dropped in your way?
Asking its history—
Careless of play?

"What are you doing,
Maiden of three?
What secret wooing?
Trying to see
Something forbidden
(Ah, have a care!)
In the box hidden?
Maiden, beware!

Now the lid starting,
Up the snuff flies,
Blinding and smarting,
Into your eyes!
Warning not heeded—
Poor little maid!
Maybe 'twas needed
To make you afraid.

Bright little fairy
Reading this rhyme—
Em, Kate or Mary—
Heed you in time
This lesson on letting
Alone, and be wise
Without any getting
Of snuff in your eyes.

For the Juvenile Instructor.

CHARADE.

BY CHARLES WOOD.

I am composed of 11 letters.
My 6, 2, 9, 4, 8, are divisions of the globe.
My 5, 10, 8, 4, a man would look odd without.
My 8, 1, 7, 11, is a rate or pace.
My 3, 10, 8, 4, is a lovely flower.
My whole is one having authority in the kingdom of God.

The answer to the Charade in No. 10 is TREAT.

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